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The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXII—NUMBER 14

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1926.

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THE J. E. JONES LETTER

THE POWER PUZZLE

The United States Government is receiving bids this month for the installation of a transformer system for Muske Shoals that will cost about \$1,000,000. Heretofore the Alabama Power Company has furnished the transformer and at the same time has been buying power at "dump power prices." The Government engineers concluded that it must have two-fifths of a cent a kilowatt hour in future because it had been supplying the Alabama Company its generated power on an experimental basis. "We were supplying the Company as long with more dump power but with two billion kilowatt hours of primary power every day," explained the engineers. When the price was raised the Alabama Power Co. took away their transformer. As Congress is not in session the engineers said good bye to the Alabama people and began preparations to put in government equipment. Thereby, they wrung another twist in the tail of 13 associated power companies seeking a fifty-year lease on Muske Shoals. These companies, if they don't watch out, will find that the Government engineers will arrange for independent markets for the power from Muske Shoals.

FOR A SONG AND A DANCE

One of the biggest white elephants owned by Uncle Sam is Muske Shoals. The thirteen Southern power companies that associated for the purpose of leasing this mammoth power plant would likely have gotten the deal over but for the fact that they were infected with the chronic ailment common to all people seeking to acquire Government property. This ailment prevents them from agreeing to pay a fair price for the use of the thing they want. Whenever Uncle Sam has anything to dispose of, the prospective purchasers come forward with their "song and dance" offers. And the dance of it is, they usually get away with their plans. This encourages everyone else to try the same kind of financial melodies.

THE PRICE OF POWER

Reading, California, buys its electricity wholesale from a private corporation at a cent and a quarter per kilowatt hour for the current and retails it to its citizens for eight cents. Los Angeles, famous for its cheap electricity, and Seattle, Tacoma, and other enterprising Western cities, are all paying more than the rate the Government wants for power at Muske Shoals. If the Southern towns are awake, as they are in the Western part of the country, they can put in their own transmission lines, tap in on Muske Shoals, and tell the thirteen consolidated-consolidations that are trying to bluff out the Government, to go way back and sit down on a tack. But the thirteen consolidated-consolidations are playing a waiting game, and they expect to capture Muske Shoals eventually.

ANOTHER WAR BRIDE

When the war was on ships were turned out like clothes wringers. And when the war stopped most of the things that were built were worthless. They were scrapped, or left to go to rot. In that way a billion dollars was charged off as a "wastage of war." The Shipping Board held on to the best ships, and just as fast as they could make a route pay the private shipping interests came along with propositions to buy up the boats. The big Atlantic fleet of steamers, including the Leviathan, is sought by private shipping interests, and the Shipping Board is being made over so that it will sell out all the Government boats. The worst of it is that the Government now seems to favor "song and dance" bids over the holdings of the great American merchant marine.

The Shipping Board affair would be a sensation except for the fact that we do have senators in the United States who want. Everything nowadays from political theft of a State through the primaries, to the capture of the North Pole, is only an "incident."

PRIMARY FORT-MORTENSE

Some of the rich, conservative political newspapers have been publishing articles that moralize on the direct primary system—as exposed in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and some other States. Strange as it may seem these old staid papers appear to be agitated at the evils of the primary system, even though it is alleged to be the instrument of shame—such as only the millionaire conservatives can afford to buy.

Wasn't it the late Senator Fearson who said that "if he had known this thing was so easy he would have been for it all the time?" The direct primary is bound to be a live political issue in the coming years.

THE OIL INDUSTRY

The President's Oil Conservation Board seems to have attained results

GIRL HIT BY STRAY BULLET AT NORWAY

The mystery of the wounding of twelve-year-old Janet Carroll by a bullet at Norway Pine-Grove Cemetery is still unsolved. The girl is one of the children of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Carroll of Lewiston, and the Carroll family were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. Goodwin, across the street from the cemetery. About the middle of the afternoon two of the children had gone across the street to the cemetery, when Janet fell, exclaiming that something had hit her in the hip. A woman who stood within two rods of the girl heard no sound, nor did anyone else hear a gun.

It was found that the girl had been struck in the hip by a bullet. Dr. Hasty of Norway was summoned, and probed four inches after the bullet without being able to locate it. The girl was taken to her home in Lewiston and an x-ray showed the tip lodged near an artery in the hip. An operation was performed but the bullet could not be moved.

Deputy Sheriff R. E. Shaw of South Paris and Loton W. Gould of Norway are at work on the case, but have made no progress as yet. Sheriff Torrey after examining the x-ray pictures stated that in his opinion the bullet had been fired into the air and had struck the girl on its downward flight.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas the Heavenly Father in His divine wisdom has called to her eternal rest our beloved sister May L. Hastings, therefore be it

Resolved: That in the passing of our Sister, Alder River Orange, No. 145, has lost a faithful worker and a kind friend. Her patient, sunny spirit still lives in our memory. May her life inspire us to higher and nobler achievements.

Be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Oxford County Citizen for publication and one be spread upon our records, also that our charter be draped for 30 days.

ROSE BAILEY,
EDITH HOWE,
SADIE B. KNIGHT.

very pleasant to the big producers of oil. The industrial giants of petroleum were all invited to Washington to tell how our resources in oil should be conserved. They gave valuable, as well as valuable advice. Then came along the austere Charles Evans Hughes who made a speech that clothed the whole industry with respectability.

But the Federal Trade Commission apparently is not sitting in on all's love feast, and it is said to have placed all of its investigatory powers at work to find out the reasons for the "material advances" during the past Winter and Spring in the price of crude oil, gasoline, kerosene, and other petroleum products. Oil seems to have outstripped coal in the public mind, and with the owners of twenty million automobiles suffering from extortion at the roadside there is a constant demand that Uncle Sam should do his duty with reference to protecting the public. A lot of well-informed people say that there has been too much whitewashing of the oil industry of charges of conspiracy to fix prices.

CHILD LABOR

There are eight States that still allow children as young as fourteen years to work ten hours a day, and many others permit young workers to operate dangerous machinery. Despite this fact a certain class of manufacturers have been able to prevent the constitutional amendment seeking to prevent the exploitation of child labor from going through.

MOTOR BUS TRAFFIC

The next Congress will undoubtedly put the control of interstate motor bus traffic in charge of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and these beautiful rolling and racing dolls will be dignified by their arrival in a class with the railroads which they are putting out of business even though they are under the control of the Federal Government.

JUNKING TIRE RAILS

Federal and State commissions that have to do with such matters are receiving a large number of applications from owners of short line railroads and suburban street car lines for permission to rip these up, dinky railroads and "street car lines" into the country are victims of the new method in track and bus transportation.

W. R. Wright will sell or rent his house on Mechanic Street, Bethel. Any one who wishes for a good rent can see Mr. Wright at Mrs. J. C. Billings' ad

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Viola Roberts of Hanover visited Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamlin last week.

Dr. Frank Brown and family of So. Portland are guests of Mrs. J. M. Philbrook.

Mrs. Stanley Wentzell was taken to the Rumford Hospital for treatment, Sunday.

Mrs. Cassie Simpson of Gorham, N. H., spent the day in Bethel, Thursday, visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burk of Pownal were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Burk, Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. John Philbrook and son, Fred, have moved to their farm at North Bethel for the summer.

Mrs. Robert Smolgrass and daughter, Belle, of Berlin, N. H., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall.

Miss Luella Boothby of Melrose, Mass., arrived Saturday and is the guest of Miss Alice Mason.

Mr. Edmund "Mo" Guillet of Mariesville, Quebec, was the guest of friends in town the past week.

Mrs. George Green and children of Belfast visited Mr. Levi Bartlett and Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyler the past week.

The annual Rose Supper given by the W. R. C. will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall, Thursday, July 22, at 6:15 P. M.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hall, Mrs. Jennings and Miss Ida Cummings of Lewiston were Sunday guests at C. W. Hall's.

Mrs. Millie Clark returned to South Waterford, Sunday, after spending two weeks with relatives in Bethel, Hanover and Andover.

Mrs. Annie L. Willey is spending two weeks with her sister at Buckfield, while there she will attend the Dunham-Bryant wedding.

The Misses Mary Tibbets and Joan Ashby are spending two weeks with their uncle, Fred D. Ashby, and family at Presque Isle, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sessions and children of Providence, R. I., were the guests of his brother, Asa Sessions, and wife over the week end.

A heavy thunder shower passed over Bethel Sunday night. The rain was a welcome visitor as crops were very much in need of water.

The roads between Bethel and Rumford and Bethel and Locke's Mills have been covered with tar and the crew has moved to Fryeburg.

Mrs. Jennie Littlehale, Mr. August Littlehale and Mrs. L. J. Littlehale and two sons have returned from a visit with friends in Albion, Maine.

Miss Velma Frank of Norway was a week end guest of Miss Mona Martin and enjoyed a trip through Crawford and Franconia Notches on Sunday.

Miss Margaret Herrick went to Portland, Saturday, to join her friend, Miss Bertha Lyman of Hartford, Conn., with whom she is to make a week's motor trip.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Donahue were in Portland, Monday. Mrs. Donahue remained Monday night but Mr. Donahue remained for treatment at St. Francis Hospital.

Amos Fair, Wednesday afternoon, July 21, at the Universalist Church, Bethel, notices. Wood carving, Fan, articles, aprons, food, candy, etc. etc. etc. All articles on sale.

Extensive repairs are being made at the W. C. Bryant store. The store front is being extended about nine feet toward the Corporation building. This will be an up-to-date meat room with a refrigerator cooler, and also add another room for the meat above the store. A platform for loading freight will be built at the rear of the store.

Last Thursday evening Roy Cummings found the hind quarters of a cat near the Rabbit road. The rest of the body was eaten by some animal. Bears are reported as being quite plentiful in and around Bethel. One was seen climbing a shade tree in the yard of Bernard Harrington in Greenwood one day recently.

Miss Annie Hamlin was in Portland, Friday.

Mrs. F. E. Donahue was in Berlin, N. H., Friday.

Mr. A. R. Brown has a new Studebaker sedan.

Mrs. Evelyn Briggs is the guest of friends in town.

Dr. R. B. Tibbets and family were in Portland, Saturday.

Some of the farmers have begun haying. A good crop is reported.

Mrs. Emma Chandler is calling on relatives and friends in town.

Mr. L. E. Davis was in Boston and New York a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Sessions were home from Abbott's Mills part of last week.

Mrs. Claude Collins of Upton called on Mrs. C. E. Tidwell, Monday.

Messrs. M. A. Naimy, C. H. Tidwell and Charles Seaves were in Berlin, N. H., Tuesday.

Miss Grace Ames of Brooklyn, N. Y., is spending her vacation at her home on Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George King of Fellsmead, Fla., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carter.

Rev. and Mrs. S. T. Achenbach returned last Wednesday from a trip to Moosehead Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bartlett and Mrs. Emma Mills were in Gorham and Berlin, N. H., recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farwell of Biddeford are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Mr. Harry Coolidge and family of Erol, N. H., were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Brooks.

Democrats of Bethel are to hold a Get-Together Tuesday evening, Aug. 2. For further information inquire of H. D. Thurston.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Verville are moving from the W. S. Wight house on Mechanic Street to Elmer Allen's house on Main Street.

The W. R. C. will hold their annual rose supper July 22 at 6:15.

TRAIN SCHEDULE

The new train schedule effective June 29 is as follows:
West bound trains, daily—10:28 A. M., 7:14 P. M.; 11:15 P. M. Sunday—10:28 A. M.; 11:16 P. M.
East bound trains, daily—4:50 A. M.; 8:09 A. M.; 4:42 P. M. Sunday—4:50 A. M.; 4:42 P. M.

GILEAD

Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson of Derry, N. H., were guests of his brother, J. E. Richardson, and family a few days last week.

Mrs. Josephine Wheeler has gone to North Paris to visit her son, Samuel Wheeler, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Westcott and Miss Alice Noyes of Mechanic Falls were guests of friends in town Sunday.

Mrs. Helene Potter and children returned to their home in Strong last Sunday after spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cole.

Miss Sophia Lester has completed her duties at Brown's boarding house. Lawrence Fisher has purchased a new Ford coupe.

Mrs. Alice Penaction has been spending her vacation with relatives in Portland.

Goodwin's has employment at the Rumford farm.

Mrs. R. E. Hamlin and daughter, Rhonda, of Gorham, N. H., were guests of her brother, Herbert Wheeler, and family last Thursday.

MIDDLE INTERVALE ROAD

Miss Mollie Stanley is spending a week with her sister in Portland.

Mr. John Carter and family are at their home at Middle Intervale.

Nina Cotton is visiting her aunt, Ada Balentine.

STANDARD OIL TRUCK OVER-TURNED

M. F. Charles, who drives a Standard Oil Company truck for A. W. Walker & Son of South Paris, escaped serious injury and possible death last Thursday morning when coming down Paris Hill. As he reached the top of the hill he endeavored to put the truck into low gear to descend the hill but the car was going so fast the gears would not mesh. Realizing that something must be done quickly he turned to the left to run into a road that led to a field a little way below the top of the hill. Instead of hitting this road the truck ran up over the bank, struck a rock and tipped over.

Mr. Charles was pinned under the car and it was necessary to saw part of the cab away before he could be released. He received broken bones in the left hand and shoulder, and his body was bruised and burned with gasoline. He is making a good recovery. The truck was not damaged to any extent.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Rev. Chas. Easternhouse, Minister. Morning service at 10:45. This will be the last service of the season. After next Sunday the church will be closed for a month and we all will appreciate the vacation. It is to be hoped that all friends of the church will be present this last Sunday before vacation and make this day a successful one.

The minister will preach on the subject, "The Life That Maketh All Things New."

Next Wednesday the fair will be held at the vestry of the church.

Last Sunday was a red letter day in the history of our church, it being visitation day, and the church was well filled. Dr. McCollister, Dean of Tufts College, delivered a most excellent sermon. The music, which was given by a mixed chorus and male quartet was of a high order. We had visitors with us from several States.

In the evening Dr. McCollister gave a most unusual and interesting lecture on "Haunted Hills of Europe." At this service we also had a large gathering.

METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. C. B. Oliver, Minister. Sunday, July 25:

9:45 A. M. Church School.
10:45 A. M. Morning worship.
6:15 P. M. League worship.

7:30 P. M. Evening worship.
Tuesday: Mid-week worship hour, 7:30 P. M. Business added. Every first and last Tuesday of each month.

Next Sunday morning the minister will speak on "The Devil's Paint Brush."

There will be a Demonstration Hymn Workshop hour at 7:30 P. M., and on Tuesday evening a special church school workers' conference to which we expect those who are officers, teachers and friends of the Sunday school. Held on the date—July 27th.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. S. T. Achenbach, Minister. Thursday, July 22, 3 o'clock: Meeting of the Ladies' Club with Mrs. Partridge.

Sunday, July 25:

10:45: Service of worship, conducted by Rev. O. H. Tracy, who will exchange with the pastor, subject, "The Good Hope." Reserve this hour in your Sunday program, so you may meet and hear Mr. Tracy, present supply for the Congregational Church of South Paris. He is most highly worthy of a large hearing.

12:00: Church school.

There will be no evening service.

WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

E. A. Goldsworthy, Pastor. The boys' club, the girls' class and the choir are working on an entertainment which they will give on the first week in August. The boys are studying woodcraft and botany aside from the Monday evening soccer games. On Wednesday the Ladies' Aid conducted a food sale.

The series of Sunday morning sermons on "How to Appreciate the Bible" will be continued with the book of Jonah. The talk in the evening will be "Why People Go to Church."

Don't forget the interesting adult class at 11:30.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Chapman Street. Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject of the lesson sermon, "Truth." Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Mr. J. H. Carpenter of Greenville, R. I., was in town recently. Mr. Carpenter was employed many years ago in the Hall Drug Store.

CAR STOLEN FROM BETHEL INN GARAGE

A Packard touring car, owned by Mr. E. A. Voelker of East Orange, N. J., a guest at Bethel Inn, was stolen from the Inn garage Saturday night.

Entrance was gained by removing a window.

The thief or thieves, after making an inspection of the cars stored there, evidently tried to take W. J. Upson's Rolls-Royce, and being foiled in their attempt to start it the Packard car was taken. Upson's car was pushed out into the garage yard and the switch had been removed and the wires tampered with, the work being done by someone who was an experienced workman.

A candle was used for lighting purposes as drippings were found on the garage floor and in the other cars.

The theft was not discovered until about 9:30 Sunday morning. The authorities were notified and a search is being made but no trace of the car has been found. The only clue to the guilty party is a bag of tools which was left behind.

GRANGE NEWS

LONE MT. GRANGE

Lone Mt. Grange held its regular meeting in the hall Thursday evening of last week with a good attendance. The Lecturer's program follows:

Song, Grange.
Reading, Mrs. Helen Dunn.
Reading, Mrs. Mae Hall.
Paper, Mrs. Evelyn Stevens.
Song, Grange.
Reading, Mrs. Evelyn Stevens.
Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served by Mrs. Cora Akers, Mrs. John Bailey and Mrs. Lena Graves.

CHANGES IN POLE MARKINGS

Changes in pole markings have been made in Maine to conform to the changes throughout New England. Between Calais and Bangor route one has been changed to two; between Houlton and Bangor from 15 to one. From Bangor to N. H. State line old number 15 has been changed to route two.

Between Madawaska and Houlton 24 has been changed to one. Houlton to Calais from 24 to one.

MRS. ASA S. KENISTON

Mrs. Susan D., wife of Asa S. Keniston, died at her home on Western Avenue, South Paris, Wednesday at 8 P. M. Mrs. Keniston had been in poor health since the death of her daughter, Ida. On June 18 she was taken seriously ill, and everything that kind and loving hands could do had been done to make her last days comfortable. Mrs. Keniston was a kind neighbor and a loving wife and mother, her one aim being to make home happy for her family.

Mrs. Keniston was the daughter of the late Silas and Melitabie (McAllister) McKen, and was born in Stoneham Aug. 6, 1866. She had lived in So. Paris nearly nine years, the family coming here from Albany.

She is survived by her husband and seven of the ten children who have been born to them, two of whom died in infancy. The surviving children are: Villa, wife of John Grover, of Bolster's Mills; Hazel, wife of Clarence Piles, of East Stoneham; Silas of Locke's Mills; Albert of Albany; Elmer of Exeter, N. H.; Glenn and Sarah of South Paris. There are seventeen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Besides the immediate family she leaves to mourn their loss three brothers and three sisters, besides many nieces and nephews.

The funeral at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon was attended by Rev. E. H. Tuttle of the Baptist church, Bethel was in Hildale Cemetery, Stoneham.

People from away attending the funeral were Mrs. Sara Cobb, Dorothy and Benjamin Gilgus and Marshall Keniston of Lebanon, N. H.; Miss Anna K. Cummings of Lewiston.

STATE OF MAINE

Office of Secretary of State. Augusta, July 19, 1926.

Notice is hereby given that a Petition for the Pardon of LEANDER

THURLOW a convict in the Maine State Prison at Thomaston under sentence for the crime of Murder is now pending before the Governor and Council and a hearing thereon will be granted in the Council Chamber at Augusta, on Monday the Ninth day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ROGER C. SMITH,
Deputy Secretary of State.

7-23-26

PORTO BELLO GOLD

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

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WNU SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

The story opens in New York, about the middle of the eighteenth century. Robert Ormerod, who tells the tale, is talking to Peter Corlier, chief of the traders, and man of enormous strength, when Darby McGraw, Irish bonded boy, brings news that a pirate ship is "out the Hook." An old sea captain announces he has been chased by a notorious pirate, Captain Rip-Trap. The older Ormerod tells Robert the pirate is Andrew Murray, his (Robert's) great-uncle, commanding the pirate ship, the Royal James. Murray is an ardent Jacobite. Next day Robert and Darby encounter a one-legged sailor, John Silver, who meets a young woman from a Spanish frigate who is seeking her father, Colonel O'Donnell, Murray with a force of sailors visits the Ormerod house. He announces his intention of carrying off Robert, by force, if necessary, promising him a great future. The Royal James and the Walrus, the latter commanded by Flint, Murray's partner in piracy, appear. Murray, Robert and Peter board the James.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Have we failed in any important venture since our association began?" "You had a head on your shoulders," conceded Flint.

"And you have not," amended Murray. "No, do not say any more. You are an excellent man to handle your ship, Flint, and as fearless as any of our ruffians; but you are no more capable of looking ahead a week or two than Ben Gunn."

"Well, what would you?" Flint flung at him with an air of defiance, which Murray ignored.

"I would make the greatest coup we have attempted," Flint laughed disagreeably.

"So you said when you arranged to go into New York, but you have carried back no treasure with you."

My uncle regarded him with what, under other circumstances, I should describe as honest indignation.

"You fool!" he said with a rasp in his voice—and I did not wonder that Flint pulled aside in his chair as if to avoid a stab. "Did you think I was to go into that huddle of a town, with his wealth in furs and groceries, and fetch out a treasure?"

"What then?" demanded Flint, moistening his lips.

My uncle leaned forward across the table, lips drawn tight over his teeth. His eyes shot sparks.

"Knowledge, fool! Intelligence! That which wise men labor a lifetime to secure and the ignorant pass by in the gutter."

Murray rose from the table and commenced to stroll the length of the cabin, hands clasped under the skirts of his coat. And as he strolled he talked. Flint followed his every move uneasily, with occasional drafts of rum. Peter and I watched the two of them, fascinated by this conflict of wills, which was to exert a vital influence upon our lives—yes, and upon those of hundreds of others.

"I must speak in simple terms, I perceive, Flint," began my great-uncle.

The passion was out of his voice, and the sentence trickled from his lips slowly, with an air of detachment. Flint nodded sullenly, seeing that an answer was required.

"We have frequently discussed the possibility of taking one of the Spanish treasure ships," continued Murray. "But we have never attempted the project because we could not discover the date of sailing or the port wherein the treasure was embarked. It has been the custom of the Spaniards in recent years—in fact, since the depredations of Morgan and his brethren to shift arbitrarily the port of embarkation from year to year, as likewise to change the date of sailing."

"The next treasure, the next Porto Bello, the next even Vera Cruz. They have been known to ship the year's produce of the mines around Cape Horn. And similarly the treasure ships, which used formerly to sail invariably in the fall of the year, now depart whenever it pleases the fancy of the council of the Indies to fix a date."

He paused, and Flint rasped:—"So much is known to all of us."

"I concede as much," answered Murray smoothly. "What follows you do not know. When we returned from Madagascar—"

"Two against my advice," growled Flint. "We play too much off politics."

"With politics? Exactly," agreed my great-uncle. "Yet, perhaps I do 'tis true that so far I have obtained telling advantage from the sport, extending one substantial fortune, this summer we are to sail the information which makes it possible for me to take this year's treasure ship."

Flint sat erect. I caught my breath. Peter, too, showed a gleam of excitement in his little eyes that twinkled from behind the rumpers of flesh that masked his solemn face.

"—me, Murray?" growled Flint. "So you say that is some secret? How—how much?" he quavered.

"One million, five hundred thousand pounds."

There was a moment of silence. The clean, golden sunlight flooded through the stern windows and dappled the polished surface of the table with darting molts and beams. Flint's jaw dropped on his chest. His green eyes glared. Peter and I were as dazed as himself. Only my great-uncle remained calm, pacing quietly up and down the carpeted deck, eyes fixed upon some distant vision of the future.

"All—that?" stammered Flint. "Death! 'Twould be the greatest haul in our time, Murray."

"It is ours," affirmed Murray. "Upon terms."

"Terms?" echoed Flint. "What terms? Who can compel us to terms? My great-uncle came to a stop in front of him.

"My terms, let us say," he answered.

"But if ye know of yourself where it can be taken why must we bother with terms, Murray?" clamored Flint. "What's riches for us can be pared down in short cuts if it must be shared out right and left. If we take it, why not take all?"

"Because," retorted Murray with a burst of terrible energy, "I have passed my word as to the terms upon which the treasure is to be taken."

"What's your word?" rapped Flint. For a moment I thought my great-uncle would strike him. He made to draw back his arm, and perspiration stood out in white beads upon his forehead. Flint feared it, too, but did not raise a hand to protect himself, charmed to immobility by the virulence of the basilisk's stare which Murray directed at him.

"It is my word," said Murray finally in a very soft voice. "No more, Flint. A poor thing, as the poet hath said, yet my own! Also—that I may chime in harmony with your mental processes—it happens that my personal interests are bound up with the observance of these terms."

"It is a matter we will not discuss further, since it is beyond the range of your comprehension. I shall merely say that the terms are fixed, and that you will either accept or reject them."

"What are they?" "As to division of the spoils? One hundred thousand pounds to myself as author and architect of the plan; seven hundred thousand to our two ships; and seven hundred thousand to my friends who co-operated with me to make it possible."

Flint brought his fist crashing down upon the table.

"I'll be—If I accept!" he shouted. "What? Less than half to our company? And you sneaking off with a cool hundred thousand pounds in your pockets, and your friends, as like as not, splitting secretly with you!"

My great-uncle refreshed himself with snuff, contriving to invent the ceremony with an effect of distaste which I found amusing.

"Stop me, but you have a low mind!" he drawled. "Allow me to direct your attention to the fact that the plan amounts to my friends and I undertaking voluntarily to present you an opportunity to participate in the division of seven hundred thousand pounds, for which you will be called upon to do nothing except agree to follow out several stipulations I shall lay down."

"Let's hear 'em."

My great-uncle ticked off the items upon his finger-tips.

"First, 'tis highly desirable that we should lie low during the ensuing months. Activities such as we usually conduct would tend to attract the council of the Indies and bring about a change in plan for the treasure ships sailing."

"What about us, then?" "My counsel is to hear up for Syracuse, island and coveen there. Both ships are foul, and 'twill prove an excellent opportunity to make all clean and right."

Flint nodded.

"We shall need our speed against the Spaniard," he commented.

"I shall," returned my great-uncle with some emphasis. "This brings me to my second point. 'Tis advisable that we do not cruise in company for the treasure. I aim to intercept the Santissima Trinidad before she passes from the Caribbean into the Atlantic."

The blue look became intensified in Flint's face.

"You'd leave the Walrus behind?" he demanded.

"I must. Figure it for yourself. Two tall ships plying the narrow seas, within easy sail of Jamaica and the Havana and Martinique? We should have the frigates after us in no time. My plan is to masquerade as a king's ship, repelling from any ugly customers who show themselves."

"Aye," said Flint. "And after you'd taken the treasure and stowed it all below batches what thought could you give to us about the Walrus, eh? You'd be up and off, and we might whistle for our share."

"You wrong me, Captain Flint," replied my great-uncle simply.

But Flint gave an ugly laugh. It might be the rum or the stimulus of the debate or a gradual access of self-reliance; but he was no longer to be cowed by moral suasion.

"If I wrong you, Murray, 'twould be the first time without valid cause," he rejoined. "Come, come! You must think of me better than that. It won't wash. What you say sounds well enough. It may be true. But I couldn't go back and report it to a fo'c'sle counsel on the Walrus and expect to have it believed. I have to blink myself when I think of it."

"It is ours," affirmed Murray. "Upon terms."

"My great-uncle regarded him speculatively."

"What, then, is your answer?" Murray inquired.

"I don't play on those terms," returned Flint with decision. "Let me cruise with you, have a share in taking the prize, and I'll talk differently."

Murray shook his head.

"I would ruin the plan. I know you, Flint. 'Tis not in you to cruise for days and forego fat merchants that cross your bows, ripe to be plucked. No, I can't risk it. Alone, I can contrive not to attract attention. In company, we should stir up a hornet's nest."

"Curse me for a canting muggler, then, if I'll trade on it," snarled Flint. "I'll not trust you, Murray, and that's flat."

"Suppose that I gave you a hostage?" suggested my great-uncle tentatively.

"I met her by accident."

"One whose life means to me more than my own."

"The man does not live," Flint swore roundly.

"He sits across the table," returned Murray. "My grandnephew and heir will go so far as to assert that the only reason I concern myself with this exploit is that I may secure estate and preferment for him."

Flint eyed him slyly, looked from him to me and from me to him.

"Your grandnephew, you say? Long John says you're chide a bit still. No I like not your terms, Murray. They offer too little."

"They are the best I can offer," answered Murray definitely. "I will add, that there may be no tomorrow. Standings, Flint, that the odd seven hundred thousand pounds goes to promote the interest of a cause, and to line the pockets of Spanish officials, as you may suspect; and it is highly probable that considerable of my share will follow it. I pay seven

hundred thousand pounds, to be divided share and share by the two ships' companies, and your company will incur no risk to win it."

"I accept, for that I can do no better," he said. "But I must have the hostage." He snapped his finger toward me.

"Come on, my lad. We'll show you the life of real gentlemen adventurers aboard the Walrus."

"I'm no negro man to be bargained over and passed from owner to owner!" I exclaimed hotly. "You can make me go, but I'll not step willingly."

Flint was about to answer with a spurt of oaths when Murray interrupted.

"You anticipate matters," he rebuked his associate. "There is no occasion for a hostage yet. We shall sail at once for the Rendezvous. It will be weeks, aye, months, before I am in shape to sail west under Hispaniola. Time enough then to talk of delivering your hostage."

For an instant Flint appeared to be about to object to this view, but he evidently decided it was not worth another dispute.

"Let it go," he assented gruffly. "We'll settle the details at the island. D—n me!" this with a sudden revival of friendliness. "I knew we had not picked up that red-headed lad for nothing! 'Tis a sure sign of luck."

And out he swaggered from the cabin, stamping and banging the door and sprinkling curses freely as he gained the deck and shouted for his boat's crew to row him back to the Walrus.

CHAPTER VII

A Wicked Old Man's Dream

My great-uncle sank into his chair with a gesture of disgust and poured three fingers of brandy into a wine-glass.

"Phaugh!" he exclaimed. "At times I am nauseated by the company I keep."

I laughed, and he put the glass from his lips, peering at me across its rim as if surprised.

"You find occasion for mirth in my remarks, Robert?"

"No," I said. "I am only expressing to you my feeling that you have as little claim in possession of a sense of humor as the man who was just here."

Murray's large face, with its powerful, craggy features, gloved with the radiance of an intense personal conviction.

"What is humor? Or dishonor? 'Tis here we have a call for close reasoning. No hasty generalities can disguise so vexed a problem, which hath consumed the attention of gentlemen since gentility's institution. I conceive of honor as the quality of being faithful to oneself, to the highest standard one has established for this life we pass through so precariously."

"So that if a man practices dishonesty toward all save himself he pre- serves his honor?" I protested.

"Now do you twist my thoughts, and replied my great-uncle. "And in the same breath you raise a complacent question: What is dishonor, or honesty?"

As I have told you before, I take from those who have much, those who prey upon others."

"You are clever with words," I sneered. "But I'll not be fooled. What have you to say of your craft in deluding O'Donnell into risking his daughter aboard this treasure ship? Do you call it honorable to persuade a foolish unbalanced fellow to take an innocent young girl out of a convent."

"I am not to be fooled. What have you to say of your craft in deluding O'Donnell into risking his daughter aboard this treasure ship? Do you call it honorable to persuade a foolish unbalanced fellow to take an innocent young girl out of a convent."

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THE AMERICAN LEGION

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

GETTING READY FOR PARIS CONVENTION

Though it is more than a year before the 30,000 American veterans begin swarming into Paris for the ninth annual national convention of the American Legion, members of the Paris post of the Legion, known as Post No. 1, are already actively engaged in preparing what promises to be one of the greatest receptions ever given a convention. Under the leadership of Hugh A. Bayne, commander of the Department of France in the American Legion, an intensive campaign is now in progress among Legionnaires in Paris to double the membership of the French department in order that there may be as large a number of men as possible available for service when the "Second A. E. F." lopes up for the big parade down the Champs Elysees in September, 1927.

According to reports received by Bowman Elder of Indianapolis, national chairman of the Legion's France convention committee, Commander Bayne anticipates having the largest American reception committee ever known in France ready for the Paris convention. It is the plan of the France department of the Legion to make every member of the department an active member of the reception committee. The Department of France,



Commander Hugh A. Bayne.

according to Commander Bayne, contemplates having at least 1,500 men on the committee.

Commander Bayne is well able to assume responsibility for acting as the official head of the reception committee in September, 1927. As a lieutenant colonel on the Judge advocate's staff of the first A. E. F. he gave distinguished service, for which he was decorated by the French and American governments. Since the war, as an international lawyer in Paris, he has been closely associated with the problems that have arisen between the United States and France.

Under the direction of the France convention committee of the Legion, plans for the Paris convention are getting forward rapidly. Arrangements are being completed for the guard of honor, a distinctive body of men which, in addition to being one of the features of the great parade, will render a unique service to the thousands of American veterans and their families who take part in the convention, by acting as information bureaus and rendering general assistance. The guard of honor will be distinctively uniformed and will represent every department of the Legion.

Under the direction of John J. Wicker, Jr., national travel director for the France convention committee, details on the matter of transportation and housing are being arranged in such a way that a veteran may have the privilege of selection from a great variety of steamship transportation which fits his purse. A limited number of accommodations, including steamship and hotels abroad with transportation in France, are being provided at a figure as low as approximately \$175. Other grades will scale up to as high as \$450, with a wide selection between the minimum and maximum figures.

Oldest Legionnaire

The oldest member of the American Legion is claimed by Miami post of the Legion, Miami, Fla.

John William Boncher, a member of the post, claims to be eighty-one years old.

Legionnaire Boncher began his military career in the Civil war and ended it only when the guns of the World war were silenced. In the World war he saw action with the Two Hundred and Fifty-seventh Battery of the Canadian army. Boncher was fighting at the front handling "Big Bertha" shells at the age of seventy-one years. King George received him at Buckingham palace.

Open Legion Camp

An 800-acre recreational center has been opened near Tupper Lake, New York, by the American Legion, Department of New York, for the benefit of Legion members of the state and their families. The camp is entirely maintained by the Legion of New York.

Murray tells of his dream in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

for sports wear, all sizes.

100

Stomach So Bad Can't Even Eat Fruit

"For years was badly constipated and troubled with gas after eating. Could not eat fruit and many other things. Adierika has done me good—can now eat anything," signed W. H. Fletcher. Adierika removes GAS and often brings astonishing relief to the stomach. Brings out a surprising amount of old waste matter you never thought was in the system. Stops that full bloated feeling and makes you enjoy eating. Excellent for chronic constipation. W. E. Bosserman, Druggist.

CANTON

Miss Louise McDonald, hostess at Lakefield Camp, Canton, while riding horseback, Saturday forenoon, fell from her horse, fracturing her collar bone in two places. Dr. F. W. Morse set the fracture and by his advice she was taken to the C. M. G. Hospital and an X-ray taken, which proved that it was perfectly set. She is recovering nicely from the accident.

Frank Bicknell returned to Boston, Sunday, after a vacation at his home. Mrs. W. J. Gammon, son Willard, and daughter, Mrs. Ruth Davis and little son, Victor, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Stevens of Orr's Island.

Roy Van Ansted and daughter, Jean, of North Abington, Mass., have been guests of the Wynmans at "The Leges."

Leon L. Newton, Lyman Ellis and Waldron Morse of Canton and Mrs. Beatrice Toothaker of Biddeford, the executive committee of the Canton High School Alumni Association, held a meeting with the secretary, Mrs. Alice L. Towle at Dixfield, Thursday evening, to make arrangements for an Alumni meeting to be held at the Canton High School grounds, the middle of August, the date to be announced later. It is expected that Payson Smith, who was principal of Canton High School when the first graduation was held in 1900, will be present. At this meeting Waldron Morse will have charge of the athletic part of the program and Mrs. Beatrice Morse the musical part. It is expected a large number will be present. Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Copeland of Whitman, Mass., are guests of their daughter, Mrs. A. C. Corlies, and family.

A large crowd of guests from all

three Camps attended the fine minstrel show held at Lakefield Camp, Saturday evening, given by the guests. It was one of the best and included solos, choruses singing, jokes and "take-offs," a reading, etc. The "Highland Fling" was danced by Mr. McKay and a young girl, the Charleston by another girl and a very graceful dance by Miss Rhodes. The interlocutor was Mr. Rhodes. "Ten Little Niggers Standing in a Line," was amusing. The costuming was amusing and appropriate. Music was furnished by Marco Lavorgna, Miss Clark, Mrs. Marguerite Pulsifer and Mr. Bourne. Dancing was enjoyed after the entertainment.

Mrs. Blanche Richardson, Ruth Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson and daughter, Frances, Miss Mildred Pease and Mrs. Edie Davenport were visitors at Andover, Sunday.

Miss Margaret Boucher has returned home from a visit of two weeks in Massachusetts.

Lena and Iva Russell are at home from Brockton, Mass., for their annual vacation.

A meeting of the ladies of the Farm Bureau was held Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Gladys Stevens. The subject was basketry. A special meeting will be held this week at the home of Mrs. Asa Campbell.

Allie Hines and family are spending a week or two at Old Orchard.

Mrs. Margery Weld has been visiting in the "twin cities."

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Sampson and daughter, Miss Helen Sampson, and William Loan, have returned to their homes in Quincy, Mass.

Miss Winnetta Bunnell has finished work for Mrs. A. L. Tirrell and returned to home at North Hartford.

Mrs. Louis Higginson of Boston and son, Charles Lockwood of New York, have been guests of Miss Mary N. Richardson.

J. Elmer Frazee preached at the chapel at Canton Point, Sunday.

Herbert Swett has returned from a visit in Berwick.

Miss Reba Crockett has been a guest of Bert Thomas and family of Sumner.

Howard Reed, with a party of Pine-wood guests has been on a two days trip to "Pond" in the Rangelys.

Thompson A. Potter of Portland has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Packer, his wife returning home with

him.

Arthur Newton is getting along nicely at the Rumford Hospital, though not able to sit as yet.

A new cabin is being built at Pine-wood Camp.

Mrs. Susan Shackley has been spending a week with Mrs. Bertha Gurley and family of Kingfield.

Bert Dudley and family have moved to California.

Mrs. Ethel West of Portland has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Florence Fletcher.

The Danvers Driving Club of Danvers, Mass., are stopping at "Green Acres." They have a large bunch of horses and a Gymkhana will be held at the fair grounds Wednesday of this week.

Pine-wood Camps are filling up, forty guests arrived Saturday.

ANDOVER

Rev. Carl Partridge of Lewiston preached a most interesting sermon at the Congregational church Sunday morning. Mr. Partridge spent a year in college at Palestine.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rand of Berlin, N. H., visited Mr. C. A. Rand and family, Sunday.

Mrs. Gay Learned and two children, Sylvia and Shirley, of Dresden have been visiting her father, Henry L. Poor, and family and other relatives in town.

Mrs. Harry Thomas and daughter, Constance, who have been spending the month with friends in Sanford and vicinity, have returned to their home.

Mrs. Mary Knapp of Manchester, N. H., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Marston, and family.

Miss Mabel French of Boston is visiting her sister, Mrs. Clayton Swett, and brother, Fred C. French and family.

Mr. Sidney Abbott, who suffered an ill attack last week, is much improved. John Brown and family of Rumford visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Learned, Sunday.

Mrs. Ellen Poor of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Akers and son, Merz, were guests of their son, Ralph Akers, and family in Rumford, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gammon of Biddeford, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gammon of Boston visited their family and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gammon, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Hanson and daughter, Annie, of Dover, N. H., and Mr. Walter Hanson of Biddeford were guests of Mrs. Alice Thorpe, Sunday.

Miss Nye from the Biddeford Hotel and Augusta was in town, Sunday.

Miss Annie French of Boston is a guest at the Milton House.

Members of the Ladies' Aid Society returned to their homes Friday and Saturday afternoon after spending the week in Andover. They visited with Mrs. and Rev. Mr. M. H. H. and visited the Bangs Lake and a family of area of interest. They made their headquarters at the Hotel. One of the members, Mrs. H. H. H. of Bangs Lake spent the week with Mrs. Anne Akers.

Mrs. F. B. Lombard and daughter, Mrs. M. H. H. of Bangs Lake, who have been guests at the Homestead for several days, returned to their summer home at South Harpsworth, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis French of Bangs Lake returned to their home Sunday.

unday after visiting her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Tozier. They were accompanied home by Mrs. P. H. Tozier and son, James, and Mrs. Hollis Ellingwood who will visit friends in Bangor.

Members of the Radcliffe Chautauqua were guests at the Homestead while in town.

UNITED STATES POTATO ACREAGE 102.1% OF 1925

The country has planted 3,202,000 acres of potatoes compared with 3,137,000 last year while the five year average is 3,716,000. Acreage this year is 13.7% below the five year average. July 1 prospect for the crop at 81.4% of normal is 6.3 points below the ten year average at this date and 2.7 points below the outlook a year ago. But, as all know, the crop often makes large changes in the latter half of the season if conditions are then right.

However, as conditions stand now, the forecast is for 323,440,000 bushels compared with 323,002,000 harvested in 1925 and the five year average crop of 395,468,000. In other words the crop must gain 187% above its present promise before it equals the five year average production. In the late crop states the low condition is largely one of lateness, and under favorable influences, this can be overcome within a short time. Yet in any case, until the crop shows evidence of large average yields the prospective market outlook is likely to be strong. Effective cultivation and spraying seem likely to pay good dividends this year.

V. A. Sanders, C. D. Stevens, Statisticians.

HINTS FOR HOT HOGS

A hog will find shade in hot weather if he can, but if the shady place he

Maine has cut her acreage to 126,000, or 6% from 134,000 last year. The New England total is 188,000 against 198,000 in 1925. The crop in Maine is late, but stand is mostly good and conditions quite favorable for rapid growth. More rain generally is needed in New England, especially for early varieties. Present outlook for Maine is 30,094,000 bushels against 34,170,000 last year.

The 8 major late crop states have 88.9% of last year's acreage and 79.7% of their 5 year average acreage. Their production forecast July 1 is 100.3% of production in 1925 and 79.7% of their 5 year average crop. Acreage in the 12 minor late crop states is 105.3% of 1925 and 90.4% of their average, while production forecast is 98.1% of last year and 89.3% of average. These 20 states combined have prospects July 1 for 99.7% of last year's crop, but only 82.2% of their 5 year average.

In the 9 late crop deficient states acreage is 100.4% of last year and July 1 forecast is 105.7% of 1925. The 14 southern early crop states, combining their early and late crops, have 11.6% more acres than in 1925 while production forecast is 16.8% above last year's crop. The United States July 1 forecast is 102.3% of last year's harvest, but only 84.1% of the five year average crop.

V. A. Sanders, C. D. Stevens, Statisticians.

HINTS FOR HOT HOGS

A hog will find shade in hot weather if he can, but if the shady place he

finds is also hot he does not seem to realize it, and will stay there and die from overheating. For this reason it is best to close any buildings that are not cool, forcing the hogs to get shade elsewhere. The natural shade from trees is preferable to any other. If trees are not available, a good artificial shade should be made by setting posts and building a cheap framework about 4 feet from the ground, covering it with brush, hay or straw. A shade of this kind is better than one made of boards or sheet iron. If dust accumulates the covering should be made wet by watering with a hose or bucket. This will serve the double purpose of cooling the air and settling the dust.

No Sick Days means steady employment and Full Pay

You can't do a good day's work if you are suffering with sick headache, biliousness, indigestion or constipation.

"L.F." ATWOOD'S BITTERS speedily relieves these uncomfortable symptoms and helps you to maintain regular, natural morning habits.

No loss of time or pay if you rely on the good old family remedy, "L.F." Used in thousands of families for seventy years and still their mainstay.

Large bottles, 60 doses, 50c. Trial size, 15c. You buy with our money back guarantee.

L. F. Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

Annual July CLEARANCE SALE JULY 26th--JULY 31st

This year we are offering you bigger and better bargains than ever before. We have listed only a few of the many mark downs that we shall offer. Each day of the sale we will give Special Bargains for that day only.

DOLLAR DAY BARGAINS For Six Days

CLOTHING DEPT.	SHOE DEPT.	DRY GOODS DEPT.
Men's Suits, 10.00, 15.00, 20.00 were 15.00, 20.00, 25.00	Children's Shoes, 1.00, 1.50, 2.25 were 1.50, 2.00, 3.00	Percales, Gingham, 15c per yard
Boys' Suits, 5.00, 7.50, 10.00 were 7.50, 10.00, 15.00	Misses' Sandals and Pumps, extra value at 1.50 per pair	Silk Stripe Sheeting, 25c per yard
Boys' Wash Suits, 75c and 1.00 were 1.25 and 2.00	Ladies' La France Boots or Oxfords, 3.50 per pair These were 6.50 and 7.50 per pr.	Voiles—40 inch, 30c per yard
Men's Dark Work Pants, 1.75	Men's Work Shoes, extra values at 2.75, 3.25	Underwear Crepe, 20c per yard
Khaki Pants, 1.50	Youth's Scout Shoes, 1.50 per pair	Nainsook in colors, 30c per yard
Boys' Base Ball Suits, Shirt, pants, cap and belt, 1.00 each	Extra Low Prices on all Ladies' and Men's Moccasins	Dress Linen, 69c per yard
Men's Sport Jackets, 3.00 and 5.00 were 7.00 and 7.00	Ladies' Knickers, 3.00 per pair were 4.50 and 5.00	Curtain Scrims and Etamines, short lengths, 10c per yard
Ladies' Knickers, 2.00 per pair were 3.00 and 3.50	Children's Black Cotton Hose, extra value at 25c per pair	Lining Sateen, 25c per yard
Misses' Knickers, 2.00 per pair were 3.00 and 3.50	VERY LOW Prices on Men's and Boys' Sport Hose	Cotton Crash, 12 1/2c per yard
Girl's Khaki Play Suits, 89c were 1.25	Special 4 Ladies' Coats to close out at 12.50 each	Linen Crash, 25c per yard
Children's Dresses, 79c each	All Bathing Suits, 20% off	Towels at 10c to 75c each Extra Values
Men's Work Shirts, 89c each	Men's Straw Hats, 25% off	UNDERWEAR DEPT.
Men's Dress Shirts, 1.00 and 1.50 each	Misses' Straw Hats, 25c each	Ladies' Union Suits, 50c and 79c
Men's Neckties, 50c and 75c, each Some of these were 1.50 Ties		Ladies' Rayon Vests, 89c
		Rayon Bloomers, 1.75
		Jersey Bloomers, 50c
		Crope Bloomers, 35c
		Crope Night Robes, 98c
		Misses' Crope Bloomers, 25c
		Men's Summer Union Suits, 75c and 1.00 each
		Children's Union Suits, 69c each

Haying Tools

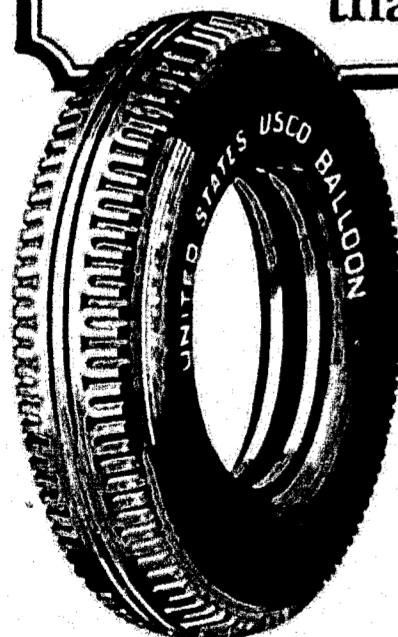
SCYTHES, SNATHS, RAKES, FORKS,

HAY FORKS, HAY FORK ROPE

D. G. Brooks

BETHEL, MAINE

You Pay No More for an USCO than for an Unknown Tire



The USCO BALLOON
A handsome, sturdy balloon tire at a low price. Tire, high speed tread, strong, durable and construction giving full balloon cushioning and long service. Use the name, trade mark and full name of the United States Rubber Company.

USCO Tires are made by the United States Rubber Company—the world's largest rubber manufacturers and owners of the largest rubber plantation in the world.

USCO

Balloons, High-Pressure Cords and Fabrics are made to give the man who wants a moderate priced tire all the value that can be built into it.

Every USCO Tire carries the standard warranty. And they cost no more—in many cases, less—than tires of unknown origin and doubtful value that you may be offered as "bargains."

For Sale By

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UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Bethel

ROWE'S

Maine

THAT WAS ART

By M. AND R. M. TERRELL

(The Western Newspaper Union.)

ALICE BROWN watched her husband's expression as he eagerly scanned the morning paper which would contain the exhibition of the erudite Messrs. Howlight and Cranshaw, who had been induced to stop off on a coast-to-coast trip in order to view the promising art exhibit of Buffalo Child, Wyo., the new Rocky mountain metropolis.

Alice's heart sank as she saw Bill's disappointment. He did nothing to disguise his expression. She read the comments for herself.

"Mr. Bill Brown's vigorous depictions show some merit of a rather violent kind, undoubtedly," admitted the art critic, Mr. Howlight, whose word was his native New York was an artistic law unto itself. "Quite recognizable types, and some undoubtedly good brush work," he further said. "We feel that Mr. Brown should be encouraged. He should be by all means migrate to New York."

Alice looked up sympathetically. "Thanks for their kind words," smiled Bill rather wryly; "don't miss reading the other Bill's chirp."

"Not so bad—if one likes pictures of glorified horses and yelling cowboys," said the other critic, Mr. Cranshaw. "It is not Mr. Bill Brown's powder River orlins which we deery, but his interpretation of it. We think of Gatto, also an untutored shepherd, drawing his sheep upon fat stones and unconsciously laying the foundation for all Italian art. But Wyoming, alas, is not early Italy!"

"That's just it," snapped Alice. "It's labeled Western and wild and really, and no matter what you did paint, those old New York says wouldn't—wouldn't see it!"

"Well, old girl, I know I'm no Rembrandt," laughed her husband, "but I think I deserve a little better than that."

"And if you went to New York," she went on bitterly, "I'll bet a Mexican sombrero would have to be made for in England. And if you were in London, Billy, they'd insist first upon a stamp of Paris or Vienna or Rome; but let me: it's the eternal international pass-the-buck! Hay dangled in bit of donkeys—geniuses, just out French!"

"That girl," slipped Bill encouragingly.

"Anyway," grumbled his wife, "everything must be European before anybody over here will consider it serious. Look at the stores, Bill: Italian furniture, Tebeok pottery, Parisian gloves and perfumes, English axes and Italian actresses! Why, they're even importing our 'movies'! Our society scandals! Bill Brown, if you had a foreign made—Europe label, but what's the use?"

"You said it!" agreed Bill; "and the last about enough money put by to take one of us half way to Ellis Island!"

Alice turned to the paper again. "Well, let's read what the Buffalo papers say about you. They haven't said yet about that prophet without bones in his own country; they, at least, are friendly."

"They were more than that, for every man, woman and child in Buffalo (Chicago) intimately the things young Bill Brown painted. His baby shanked baby strolled daily through their streets and backed across their horizons. They opened their eyes daily and his flaming sunsets, boiling over foreign purple hills, and the plains, shimmering in heat, or dreaming and whispering under the green and silver of evening moonlight: the challenge of the herd and the thunder of stampeded hoofs were things woven into the warp and woof of their lives and into the places of their blood. Dumb then, Alice, Bill was their voice, the echo of the beauty which they recognized; and they saw it upon his canvas. For Bill wanted, and needed also, the recognition of the world outside."

"He itself is often hesitant; a few years later came a letter with news of small inheritance left to Alice by a distant uncle. No, it was not millions, not a fortune, but it was enough to take the two of them to the island of Ellis Island. There was old Bill, and Alice, sitting among the crowd of immigrants that day. Two of them only, for the world had been a sacred secret."

"Alice had no time for that speculation," she answered, "pack your trunk, your toothbrush, and your Bill Brown are going pronto, you hear me, love?"

"I hear!" replied her husband; "my remarks sound good, old lady, but I wonder how they'll pan out. Alice, I'll be a Turk who knows!"

"I do!" countered his wife. "There's no harm in my dream, Bill! I know, how would you make a better frog than a wope?"

"I'll be European, maybe, but I'm damned if I'll eat snails!" said Bill. "It's a shame to see your money, Alice, but let's take the first train for New York and get plastered quick with the magic label!"

"Three years later," said Alice, "the Brown's sonnet now boiled up over smoking Venetian or glittered away and gold upon the Arno, or traced witherless of light and shadow across mysterious Venice. Instead of the familiar 'Let'er buck!' they were to the call of the dog and the maden vendors and the goats' meat."

man, the sounds and sights and smells of Firenze, Rimini, Verona. . . . The same that must have widened the eyes of the shepherd, Gatto, when he first came to town to exchange his smooth stones and native chalk for canvas and paint pot.

Several years later there arrived in New York upon the Santa Lucia out of Genoa, and discreetly heralded by modest newspaper publicity, Guglielmo di Castagno, which is Italian for Bill Brown, and his blond young wife, Elsa Brun, the Swedish cubist poetess, which is, ditto, Alice Brown in Svensk. The di Castagnos put up immediately at the St. Croesus—and with a dozen interviewing reporters and a bored columnist or so. Sig. di Castagno spoke English of a fashion, and interpreted for her young husband the latest edition of "first impressions" of America. Sig. di Castagno, it developed, was an artist of no mean standing in his native Italy. He was a lover of wild horses—he had not been born in Corsica—as well as of striking landscapes. Had the famous signore some of his "dope" with him? The signore had! A number of spirited sketches of his native Corsican horses, others of the Don Cossacks and of herds of wild, shaggy ponies galloping over the steppes. Yes, the signore had been all over the world. America, he had saved for the last—for what you call it—ah, ze great kick!

Was Sig. di Castagno going to do something or other for the films? For Bill Mlx or Harry—the signore was not! No, no; he wanted to see the land of Buffalo Beel, of Remington. . . . si, verce mooch! Either he was bound for a season's sketching. New York? Ah, eet was too beeg, too nolsy, too—je ne sais quel!

Sig. di Castagno was given ample publicity. He left for the West. In Medicine Cup, Mont., the di Castagnos were in great demand among the elite of that thriving plains city, mostly because they, ignored every other invitation that they received. Sig. di Castagno was very busy painting the picturesque natives and the picturesque landscapes.

At the end of the summer he gave a widely heralded exhibition to which came, among other critics, Messrs. Howlight and Cranshaw from New York.

"Remarkable work—technically," quipped Mr. Howlight, as he stood before the painting entitled: "After the Round-up." "Such clarity of tone, simplicity of treatment—and yet such finish. Quite remarkable in so young an artist. But Italy, of course, produces its genius out of centuries of cumulative art. You may quote me as saying that, sir. Er, put that on the press wires." Mr. Cranshaw, next approached, was genuinely moved. He didn't care whether anyone heard him or not. "Marvelous! Such downright realism! It takes a foreigner to see America first," he muttered.

There was a crowd of natives about the critics. A long, drawnout, how-legged wind-tanned Montanan who, in spite of a "boiled shirt" and store clothes and obviously patent leather shoes, and who carried a bowie at his side, suddenly interrupted. "Hi! I, gents," he swore, "ain't no danged foreigner can paint us rustlers." He declared. What's a tenderfoot like this Bettalin here know 'bout Montana, huh? Say, gents, we once had a young galoot out here, Bill Brown was his brand, been and pastured on Powder river; say, Mister New Yorkers, you oughtn't seen his pictures. Them gents, was the real thing! You could smell the horse stables under the blanket from and hear the cow critters howl! And Bill's pictures of scenes now, hear me, they jest spoke right out for themselves! That's art, my friends; this here!" he jerked a contemptuous brown paw toward Sig. di Castagno's master piece, "h! I, this ain't nothing but paintin'!"

And Sig. Guglielmo di Castagno, smiling behind his Italian mustache and beard at the praise from Messrs. Howlight and Cranshaw, which meant that "After the Round-up" would have a place of honor in New York's most exclusive galleries and exhibits, looked after the old catterton who was stilling away with wide steps, and stated: "I wouldn't be named 'I wonder' out, Lisa Mia, I come right way!"

Pickles and Milk All Right in Combination

Once upon a time there was a set theory that certain foods fought with one another after they had been taken into the stomach. And when the daughters of the family got to the pickles and milk, one of these was in a quandary and many a quarrel on the part of mother, father, maiden and suitor.

"Pickles and milk are a deadly combination," they said. "You can drink milk and then at another meal eat pickles, but never at never, must they be brought together in the stomach. Your stomach won't stand for it. It must be pickles alone and milk alone."

The daughters of that generation argued and argued for milk while they ate pickles and argued for pickles while they drank milk; but as they didn't wish to "die in their tracks" they seldom dared bring the two things together. But this generation is eating the pickles and drinking the milk at the same time, recently, for the theory has been proven a worthless one. And how their mothers who went either pickles or milkless regret that the pickle-milk theory did not explode many years ago—Springfield Union.

Too Much

"Wal, they say Hankin's gals get fifty dollars a week to the city."

"Don't believe no gal gets that for singin' a song an' dancin' around."

TWO WOMEN FOUND HELP

By Reading Experiences of Other Women

Mrs. Nina Matteson, Box 206, Oxford, N. Y., writes:—



"If it had not been for your medicine, I could not have done my work as it should have been done. Mother told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I had read in different papers what it had done for different women. She wanted me to try it, so my husband got me one bottle at first; then I took two others. Now I am feeling quite strong again."

Mrs. Ernest Tanguay of Adams, Mass., says she was ill for four years and could not sleep nights or go out on the street. She read about the Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. After taking eight bottles she was able to do all her work and go anywhere and is quite herself again.

This dependable Vegetable Compound is a household word in thousands of homes. The fourth generation is now learning the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than half a century, this reliable medicine has been used by women with very satisfactory results. If the Vegetable Compound has helped other women, why shouldn't it help you?

The Best Place

The illustrated Bible had a strong fascination for little Geraldine. With the book open on her lap, she looked up and said:

"Mother, do people marry in heaven?"

"The Good Book says they do not, Geraldine."

"Well, do they marry in—in—the other place?"

"I suppose not, my dear."

Geraldine shut the Bible with a bang.

"Then I'm going to stay here," she said.

No Two in One

Mrs. Glimmer: Are you a good cook and Bridget? Do of look like twins?

Seek Elusive Elements in Dead Sea Waters

The Dead sea is the latest locale of the search for the two elements still missing from the chemist's periodic table. The high concentration of salts in this body of water caused J. Newton Friend of the Municipal Technical school of Birmingham, England, to consider the possibility of their containing either eka-mesium or eka-iodine, the names assigned to the elusive elements.

Diffractionations of samples of the water were accordingly carried out and the final diffractionation products submitted to X-ray analysis, but unfortunately the spectrum lines that would reveal the presence of either the one or the other failed to show up. Traces of the element strontium, however, were found, the presence of which had never before been recorded in any previous analyses of Dead sea water.—Science Service Bulletin.

To Have a Clear, Sweet Skin
Touch plimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Advertisement.

See Black Snake as Friend
When insects or rodents become so numerous as to seriously endanger crops, experts look around to see what natural enemy they can import to kill off the pest. The rapacious coyote having been largely eliminated, farmers who lived formerly in the Mississippi valley are seriously considering the importation of black snakes to war against the troublesome ground squirrels. Former Missouri residents believe the black snake would also exterminate the rattlesnake and largely rid this country of gophers.

Millions for Interest
The United States government has paid out more than \$11,000,000,000 in interest on the public debt since 1771, says the Dearborn Independent. The greatest amount in one year was \$1,055,088,000, paid in 1923. This year the estimated interest payment will be \$730,000,000.

Hospitals on Increase
New hospitals have been established in the United States at the rate of 100 a year since 1920, according to a report of the American Medical association. Sixty per cent of all the physicians in the United States have affiliation with hospitals. It is estimated that 4,500 persons are killed by snake bites each year in Brazil.

Physicians Stand High on Roll of Martyrs

Since the time when the "black death" swept through Europe, physicians have sacrificed themselves to the cause of public health and safety, according to Hygeia Magazine. Reed, Carroll and Lazear were lost in the fight against yellow fever; Ricketta and McClinton succumbed to typhus and to Rocky Mountain fever; Brazzy lost his eyesight from secondary infection during an operation; others have suffered terrible mutilations while investigating the X-rays. A complete list can never be assembled because so many have passed without the recognition of the world, giving their lives silently in the routine performance of their duties.

Draining Lake for Land

The Bulgarian government is drying up Yambel lake in order to make more room for the refugee village of Atolova. Work is already under way and soon the lake bottom will be turned into fertile fields. Six millions of leva (a lev is 10.3 cents) have been appropriated by the government to construct homes and enable the refugees to establish themselves. Atolova village was named for a Bulgarian philanthropist who was instrumental in caring for thousands of refugee children.

Train Wrecked by Buffalo

Railroaders working the 600 miles of lines in the volcanic island of Java often encounter wild animals and in some instances disaster results. While a train was crossing a high bridge, it crashed into a herd of wild water buffaloes. The locomotive toppled into the river and 25 persons were killed. Shortly afterward, near the same bridge, a buffalo charged into a passenger train and derailed the locomotive, killing the engineer and injuring the fireman.

Jackie Was Lonesome
Jackie is a manly little fellow living on Eastern avenue. Sometimes when his mother has a business errand she has an older boy named Estel stay with him and Jackie apparently has taken a great liking to him, for a few days ago he said: "Mother, won't you go away again so Estel can come to stay with me?" —Indianapolis News.

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